

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS' AND GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers. Write plainly on one side of the paper only. Use pen and ink not pencil. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 100 words.

It has rolled or how many thousands of miles it has been since it was a rough fragment; and if you know about rocks and their formation you could tell at a glance whether it was a water rock or a fire rock—whether it belonged to the first age of the world or a later age.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Dorothy King of Yantic: Many thanks for my prize book. I am very pleased with it. I meant to write to you again, but I have been away from home.

Pauline Smelowitz of Norwich: I have received the prize book, Rip Van Winkle, and thank you ever so much for it. I have always found it very interesting, and am reading it now.

Miriam Griewood of Norwich Town: I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me. I have read it and found it very interesting.

Helen Reynolds of Eagleville, Conn.: I received the prize book entitled Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. Thank you for it. I think it is a very pretty book.

John C. Bushnell of Norwich: I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me. I have read it and find it very interesting.

Arthur S. Merrifield of Baltic: I received the prize book and have read it through. If I had had my choice of the books mentioned in the paper, I should have taken that one. I noticed that there were more than 200 words in some of the other stories on the Children's page.

Bertha N. Burrill of Stafford Springs: I thank you very much for the lovely prize book received Thursday. It was my first prize book, and I was very much pleased with it. I thank you again.

Evelyn E. Woodward of Columbia: Thanks very much for my prize book. I have not had time to read it yet, but am sure it is interesting.

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

- 1—Hattie R. Clarke of Norwich, Grace Harlowe's Plebe Year at High School.
2—Bertha N. Burrill of Stafford Springs, Grace Harlowe's First Year at Overton College.
3—Alice F. Burrill of Stafford Springs, Water Babies.
4—Bertha Fuller of Eagleville, Aunt at Overton College.
5—Dorothy Rasmussen of Norwich, Automobile Girls at Washington.
6—Lewis Sears of Norwich, A Child's Garden of Verses.
7—Mildred Lewis of Norwich, Rip Van Winkle.
8—Wally M. Gifford of Willimantic, Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

Every boy and girl to some extent should be their own teachers. They will be if they get the student habit. The student habit is acquired by asking yourselves questions and answering them. It is not always easy, but it is always enjoyable. This kind of work strengthens the mind just as other kinds strengthen the muscles of the body.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

The Organ Grinder. "There's another of those noisy hand organs, and my head aches so every sound goes through it! Jessie, do you mind and tell him to go away. I really can't stand the noise!" The afternoon was cloudy and dark and just as Jessie opened the iron gate into the street great drops of rain began to fall. She delivered her message and then hurried in from the rain. She stood looking out of the dining room window at the big drops of rain falling on the pavement. The music ceased at once and the organ grinder disappeared up the street.

It was not round when it started on its travels, for rocks break in fragments with sharp edges, and it is sand and water and motion which made that fragment of rock into form as a pebble, and it may have rolled on the sandy bottom of a brook or on the seashore for ages before it reached the place where you saw it. It would tell you a wonderful story if it could inform you how many thousands of years

BESSIE'S CHICKABIDDIES

Bessie lived on the seashore—that part of the Maine coast called Peaks Island. She was a busy little girl, fitting here and there, and asking as many questions in an hour as an ordinary person would in a week perhaps. At times little Bessie was the dearest little child imaginable, then again she would be very wilful, so that her brothers and sisters gave her the name of "Bitter Sweet."

This particular morning Bessie's uncle had stopped at the door and left a basket marked, "For my dear little niece, Bitter Sweet." "What can be in that basket?" said Bessie.

Bessie lifted the cover and with a start she said, "Mamma! Oh, mamma! do come and see these sweet little chickabiddies! All my very own too, there's one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, when we must have a house built right away!" Whereupon Bessie's father said "Pick up your little birds and come with me and we'll see what we can do." So Bessie followed her father and there in the field back of the house was a cute little chicken home.

half an hour afterwards, with a coat and a shilling in his pocket and a good shoe that Jessie gave him. Jessie herself felt happier.

Norwich. Evening at the School House. It was evening. The Bell began to thingle, and books, papers, pencils, erasers and ink bottles heard, it came rushing together on the desk.

The Bell began, "All the pupils in this school come when they hear me,—me."

"What a queer looking thing you are!" broke in the paper, who was never very polite.

The globe from a distant corner now joined in the conversation.

"I am round as a ball and show the whole world," said things like you haven't much to say about anybody else."

"Oh, dear, let's not quarrel," said the Bell.

What would you do if it were not for our friend, the ink? Having been called upon to say something, the ink (looking toward the pen and paper) answered:

"Well, if it wasn't for me, you would not be here if it were not for me. Just then the pen and penholder jumped up and exclaimed:

"What an awful blot you would make!"

The pencil feeling neglected said, in a sharp and rather injured tone:

"I guess you don't realize that I am of as much use as all three of you together."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the trailing arbutus from the desk, "that was a good joke on them. If you can't tell me I can tell you a very interesting story. Everyone considered us very beautiful and no doubt we are, but they were not here if it were not for a little girl who brought us to her teacher. We are very glad we met you. Where is the Register? She must be very beautiful."

"Oh, I have not very much to say," replied a faint voice. "Do you see all of these names?" They have been to school nearly every day. The teachers all like me very much because I am useful. But some of the else should have a chance to talk."

"I have been lost a long time," said the Eraser. I help the pencil when he is in the Arithmetic was about to say something when the Bell whispered:

"Sh, Sh, I hear a strange noise." "I think it must be a mouse coming to get us for his nest," said the Books and Papers together. Then they all laughed heartily to frighten away the marauders.

The Spelling Book said sleepily, "I think I will leave you now. I am very tired and can hardly keep my eyes open. The Arithmetic came to finish talking and then I shall tell you something, too."

"The others were agreeable, so, "Good-night" was said by all and they scampered back to their places inside the desk.

"We must have a little rest because the teacher and her pupils will soon be here to use us again."

The voice of the Bell rang strangely in the silent schoolroom, and not a sound answered it.

ALICE F. BURRILL, Age 16. Stafford Springs.

A Good Deed.

It was a very warm morning in July, one of the warmest that summer, when Ruth, carrying a small vase, stepped in a crowded car. She was with a lady with six more girls to the beach.

She was thinking of the good time she was going to have when the attention was drawn to the cry of a baby in the seat back of her. Turning around, she couldn't help noticing that the lady who was carrying the baby's face, the lady who held the baby.

Ruth was smiling and talking to the baby, who had been crying. "The lady, taking courage, asked: "Maybe you know where the boat is that goes to New York?"

"Yes, I do," said Ruth with a smile, and she directed the lady. But when Ruth saw the big value and the lady had to carry it, she said it was impossible for her to carry it so far.

Then she thought to herself: "Why shouldn't I take her there? I'll have some fun, and the lady will be glad to have me. I'll take you there, if you wish."

The lady was very pleased and the trouble disappeared from her face immediately.

All the passengers were then getting out and Ruth took the baby. She thought he was light, but when they had gone a little way she was so hot and tired that she almost wished she hadn't volunteered to go; but then, she thought to herself: "Do unto others as you'd want them to do unto you."

She'd surely want someone to help her mother. This gave her courage to go on.

With their faces as red as beets, they reached the place. Ruth was only too glad to give her burden (the baby) to its mother.

The lady thanked Ruth over and over and offered her a dime, but Ruth declined it with thanks, saying: "If it was my mother, I would want someone to do the same."

Ruth then hurried to the station, where the girls were waiting impatiently for her.

"Oh, Ruth," cried one of the girls as she caught sight of her, "I am so glad you came. We were afraid we'd miss this car. We've only got about five more minutes."

"Where were you so long?" asked another.

"Oh, I took a lady to the boat. She didn't know where to find it, as answered Ruth.

"What! Did you take her as far as that? You foolish girl!" said one of her friends.

But Ruth assured her she was right in doing so, and that she had done anything but it, for she got back in time.

Ruth felt happy and enjoyed the fun with a light heart, for she had done a good deed that morning.

UNSIGNED.

My Sunday School Picnic. We had the Sunday school picnic at the Bayville beach. Conveyances were supplied for the people to be taken from the village to Bayville. Jessie came and one of our friends with our Sunday school teacher in her automobile. We started at 9.30 and arrived there about 10 o'clock.

We put our wraps and hats in one of the bungalows. After we had taken a little rest in the bungalow we walked along the beach, and when we came to the breakwater a boy took us all out for a row. It was very rough on the water just then, but all the same it was enjoyed it very much.

Out here the picnic was very different from those in Connecticut, as here each one takes their own lunch.

We ate our lunch on the porch. About 2 o'clock the people went in bathing and had lots of fun.

We went out in a boat for another row on the water. In the water there were trees which mark the oyster beds. When we came back the ice cream was served.

About 5 o'clock we started for home. We rode back again with our Sunday school teacher. My sister and I enjoyed ourselves so much at the beach that we are going there ourselves some time.

LILLIAN BRERHAUT, East Norwich, N. Y.

Squirrels. The gray squirrel is the most common kind in the United States, being found in almost all the states. It is usually gray on the back and whitish below, but black ones are sometimes seen. It has four to six young born in May or June. These squirrels usually stay in the nest when they are very young.

A red squirrel should be kept in a cage at least six feet long and four feet high, fitted with perches, and a neat little box into which it may creep to have a quiet nap. Care should be taken to keep the cage clean.

Squirrels should be fed on almonds, such as walnuts, hickory nuts, filberts, almonds and beechnuts. They will also eat bread and milk. Squirrels are very interesting pets.

The red squirrel is nearly as common in the Northern and Middle States as the gray squirrel. It is also called pine squirrel, because it feeds on pine seed; the chickaree, from its loud chatter and the Hudson Bay squirrel, its fur is mixed black and red.

Squirrels should be fed on almonds, such as walnuts, hickory nuts, filberts, almonds and beechnuts. They will also eat bread and milk. Squirrels are very interesting pets.

Gray squirrels live in their nests in very cold weather, but red squirrels run around all winter long and they lay up a great deal more food in the autumn than the gray ones.

In some parts of the United States squirrels are so plentiful that they destroy whole fields of wheat and corn and farmers have great trouble in getting rid of them. They are very destructive to fruit which is worn by women and children as trimmings and linings for clothes.

BURRILL, Age 12. Stafford Springs.

P. S.—I saw Marion Black's story in the Wide-Awake Circle two weeks ago. I was very glad to see it. I would like to see the letter of any girl who would write to her. I wrote to her addressing the letter Springfield, Mass., but I received no answer. I would like to know her complete address. I would like to know her complete address.

M. A. B.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

The Canning Club Picnic. Dear Uncle Jed:—I will write and tell you about our canning club picnic. We had it at the Connecticut Agricultural College, Storrs. We had to be there at seven o'clock, Thursday morning, Aug. 13th. We helped Mr. Brundage make sandwiches, lemonade and ice cream. We had our lunch under a big tree. There were about thirty there.

After we had lunch Mr. Brundage showed us how to can tomatoes and apples. He had four kinds of canning outfits. The names were: The Home-Made, Hot-water Bath, Outfit, Pressure Cooker, Steam Pressure Cooker five pounds or more, and the pressure cooker ten pounds or more.

Mr. Brundage gave us some canning recipes and a book and we had to write down the points he gave us on canning.

I will give you some recipes on canning tomatoes and apple pie fillings.

Canned Tomatoes—Grade for ripeness, size and quality. Wash and loosen skins. Dip in cold water, remove skins, pack whole. Fill with tomatoes only, and add one level teaspoon salt to each quart. Place rubber and partially seal, sterilize 20 minutes in hot water bath; 15 minutes in pressure cooker; 15 minutes in pressure cooker. Remove jars, tighten covers, test joint and invert to cool.

Apple Pie Fillings—Peel and core, slice and mix with rolling water. Plunge in cold water. Pack in glass or tin and add about one teaspoon of hot tin syrup to each quart. Place in tin and partially seal. Sterilize 15 minutes in hot water bath; 12 minutes in water seal outfit, 10 minutes in pressure cooker. Remove jars, tighten covers, invert to cool.

BERTHA FULLER, Age 10. Eagleville.

The Story of a Shoe. Dear Uncle Jed:—One day as I was sitting reading I heard a queer voice. I listened and heard the noise again. I went to the cupboard and found a shoe. "I am in the cupboard," answered a gentle voice.

I got up and what do you think I found? A pair of shoes. Then the shoes began to talk.

"Won't you please put me on and I will tell you my story."

So I put on the shoes and this is the story they told me.

One day as I and my brothers were feeding in a pasture several men came to see the cows. They were the drivers to a large ship where we were sent to another city to be skinned and tanned. We went through many hardships, but we were made into a pair of shoes.

One day a lady came in the store to see a pair of shoes—size two. She looked at the shoes and she was very pleased with them.

"I will tell you my story."

Just then he was about to push my hand when he saw the shoes on the shelf. The clerk showed me to the lady and she was very pleased with them.

"I will take this pair," said the lady. That is how I came to be with you.

Norwich. KENNETH HALL.

Our Picnic at Mohican Park. Dear Uncle Jed: I think you will enjoy hearing about the Sunday School picnic at Mohican Park on Wednesday at Mohican Park.

We all went in a large wagon, which held about twenty-five or thirty. When we got there the first thing we did was to have a swing or a ride on the seesaws, and then a few of us took a long walk and saw the different kinds of animals.

When we got back it was time for dinner. At dinner time everybody went to the pavilion where the dinner was served, which consisted of sandwiches, cake, lemonade and ice cream.

After dinner the children enjoyed a few games, a three-legged race, a potato race and an egg race.

Later in the afternoon the girls had a scramble for apples, and then the boys had the same.

After that we went home some of the children had a row on the lake; some got caught in the shower and had to go back; and some of the girls came home after having a very nice time.

MILDRED EILER, Age 14. Norwich Town.

A True Story About Squirrels. Dear Uncle Jed: A pair of grey squirrels built their nest under the roof of our veranda. The old mother squirrel was very tame. She would come into the house and sit on a chair and eat out of my hand. She had five little babies, and there was a hard storm and the rain got into their nest.

The old mother squirrel took all the little squirrels and carried them to the nest. So they curled up around their nest like a tipper and she took them across the street to another house up under the eaves.

WALLY M. GIFFORD, Willimantic.

Her Pet Cat. Dear Uncle Jed:—I have never written to you before but some of my little friends have written.

I am going to tell you about my pet cat. It is a big striped cat. He rubs against my face in the morning and wakes me up. Sometimes when I am reading he jumps into my lap. He catches mice and squirrels. He likes to play with his tail.

ALICE A. RIX, Age 7. Salem.

He Returned the Robin to Its Nest. Dear Uncle Jed: As I live near the woods I go out nearly every nice day. I know where there are some trees that can easily be climbed and I know where many kinds of flowers grow. Some days ago, while walking in

to see who it was, and to my surprise it was a friend of mine. She had come over to play with me, so I asked her in.

Then I told my aunt about it, and she said I might ask her to go with us, and I did so. I know you all know how pleasant she felt.

She ran home to ask her mother if she might go.

Her mother gladly let her go. We started on a Chevy, all bundled up warm for our breezy journey. When we arrived at the beach, we went in bathing the first thing.

There were small crabs and it was 6 o'clock and arrived without any misfortune. We were tired, but happy. My mother said she had had a very happy time.

I told her I was glad she had enjoyed our little day's vacation.

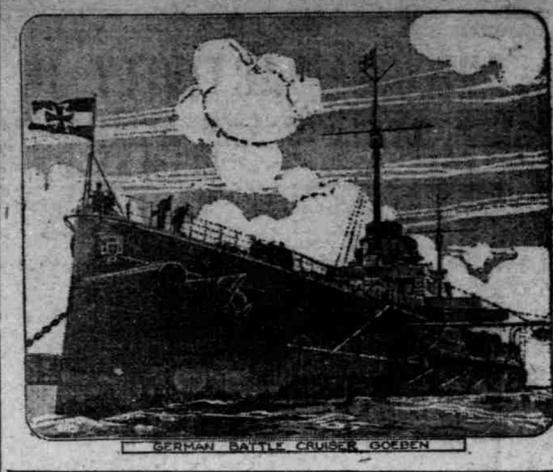
MILDRED LEWIS, Age 12. Norwich.

My First Trip to Norwich. A little while ago I went to Norwich. First I went to Willimantic with the team, then I took the trolley for Norwich.

We went through South Windham, Baltic and on to Norwich. When I got to Franklin Square, Norwich, I got off the car.

I went down to the wharf and saw a Water Seal outfit. Steam Pressure was the first steamer I ever saw. Then I went into some stores, and then came home.

MILDRED LEWIS, Age 12. Mansfield Center.



GERMAN BATTLE CRUISER GOSSEN

A Jewish Society.

The Jewish farmers of Starke County have formed an agricultural society for the purpose of purchasing supplies and disposing of their farm produce. The Starke County society is a branch of the Jewish Agricultural Society of America, and the local number is 14. There is a large Jewish colony in Starke County and many of them are developing into good farmers. It will be interesting to observe the progress made by this society. It has the backing of some of the best Jewish business men in America. The parent organization has vast resources. It is semi-charitable in its nature, and its sole purpose is to aid deserving Jewish people in getting a start in life. It loans them money at 4 per cent, interest. It is a very lenient in dealing with borrowers.—From the Goshen Democrat.

Useless Military Trappings.

The red trousers worn by French soldiers are to be abolished and a neutral shade of grey-blue substituted. The chief objection to the brilliant color was the fact that it afforded a conspicuous and ready mark for the enemy.

My Vacation at the Shore.

Dear Uncle Jed: I have been thinking of you most every day but I haven't had time to write as I have been on my vacation.

These were small crabs and it was the good times I had.

We lived near a shallow, sandy beach where we went in bathing. There were small crabs and it was great fun to catch them in our hands. They clacked a little, but we didn't mind. We used these crabs for bait for catching the blackfish. Place rubber and partially seal, sterilize 20 minutes in hot water bath; 15 minutes in pressure cooker; 15 minutes in pressure cooker. Remove jars, tighten covers, test joint and invert to cool.

I caught one blackfish, and my brother caught one at the same time. About every morning at seven o'clock we went for milk to a farm some distance away.

On our way we would see jack rabbits burrowing in their holes in the sandy soil. We also saw a family of wild turkeys.

Once on my way home from the farm I lost my way and it took me a long time to get home. I got real frightened running among the hills like a rabbit trying to find my way.

I will write again and tell some more of my good times.

DOROTHY RASMUSSEN, Age 10. Norwich.

Our Picnic.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you about our picnic in the woods.

It was about half past ten when we started for the picnic. We went up in the woods near our school.

When we got up there we made some lemonade. After that we had refreshments of cake, cookies, peanuts and ice cream. Then we played all sorts of games.

It was about twelve o'clock when the writing was over. This has made it, we left for home.

EVEL L. MURDOCK, Age 12. Tatfield.

Letters Can Still Go To Europe.

We have interrupted the free transit of mail matter between this country and European points. Germany has refused to carry mail for delivery in other countries, and the United States Government will do its best to get the mail to Europe by the Black Sea. The ports of Holland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden are still open to the United States as the ports of Great Britain. And mail for France can be dispatched from British ports if not delivered by the United States direct to France. French postal trains on the mainland. Of course, all mail is sent subject to delay in delivery, and the exigencies of European diplomacy stands as it were, the destruction of large quantities of correspondence. But those who have friends abroad may feel assured that all in its power to keep open the line of communication between Americans in Europe and Americans at home.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Is Diplomacy Bankrupt?

If the Chinese ambassador in Europe, after the fashion of the Venetian ambassadors in the sixteenth century, were writing and signing dispatches, he is passing under their eyes, they will have a strange and well-nigh incredible tale to tell. Europe dreads war, but Europe is hysterically dipping over the precipice into war. In no country is there a vital interest directly at stake. England's ministry openly declares that she has no peace with Germany. Germany has none, except as it is artificially created. Neither has Russia. All these countries protest that they do not want war, yet each of them is straining every nerve to prepare for war. The fear of war is settling like a pall over the peoples of Europe. Everywhere there is apprehension. The anticipatory losses are already enormous. In advance the disastrous repercussions of war are world-wide. Yet European diplomacy stands as it were, wringing its hands. But yesterday professing to be all-powerful, today seems reduced to feebleness and impotence. So the Chinese ambassadors might say.—New York Post.

Women With Mexican Army.

At Manzanillo I met General Teller with his command, waiting to be transported by steamer to Mazatlan, writes Fritz Arno von de Ellen in Harper's Weekly, and here I saw the Mexican soldier stripped of the pomp and circumstance of a dress parade. He is often accompanied by his wife and children, or lacking these, his mistress. Hardly together in freight cars, like cattle, whole families arrived at Manzanillo, and many of the women carried babies in their arms. The camp suggested a cross between the Boy Scout's outfit and a picnic ground, imagine a commissary department that depends upon women to cook meals for husbands and children. Imagine disheveled female and dirty children outnumbering the men. As a human spectacle viewed in the twentieth century, right next door to the United States, it is interesting. In a military sense, it is pathetic.—From the Milwaukee Free Press.

Never Had Night's Rest. Clothing Irritated Eruption and Pained. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Didn't Have One Pimple Left.

6 Myrtle St., New Haven, Conn.—"My skin itched on my body and face which made me scratch and after I stopped scratching the skin remained very red. Hard little pimples also came out where I scratched. I continued scratching the pimples spread and got worse. After a month white spots appeared on them. My clothing was so irritating to my body and gave me pain. Many nights I did not sleep; I could not move in bed for if I did they got worse. I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after I had used them I had a hot water so I bought more. I bathed in hot water and soap morning and night, afterwards dried and applied the Ointment. After three months' treatment I didn't have one pimple left." (Signed) Miss Rose Conzolo, Apr. 2, 1914

WOMEN FROM 45 TO 55 TESTIFY

To the Merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during Change of Life.

Westbrook, Me.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and had pains in my back and side and was so weak I could hardly do my housework. I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has done me a lot of good. I will recommend your medicine to my friends and give you permission to publish my testimonial."—Mrs. LAWRENCE MARTIN, 12 King St., Westbrook, Maine.

Manston, Wis.—"At the Change of Life I suffered with pains in my back and loins until I could not stand. I also had night-sweats so that the sheets would be wet. I tried other medicine but got no relief. After taking one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I began to improve and I continued its use for six months. The pains left me, the night-sweats and hot flashes grew less, and in one year I was a different woman. I know I have to thank you for my continued good health ever since."—Mrs. M. J. BROWNELL, Manston, Wis.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled in such cases. If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.



LYDIA E. PINKHAM